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A Fair Fraud

A PLAY

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A Fair Fraud.

A PLAY

BY

plate
A. Glanville.

AUTHOR OF "IN LAMECH'S REIGN," "AN EYE FOR AN EYE,"
"CHAIN OF HISTORY," ETC.

CHICAGO:
A. FRANCOEUR & COMPANY
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ADVERTISEMENT.

I have always endeavored to avoid trespassing upon the rights of others, be they with or without friends, and hence I deem it necessary to say, briefly:

First, the theosophical paragraphs, put into the mouth of Adele, in act II, scene I, which are quoted, are not mine nor do I lay any claim to them. I have seen fit to use them because theosophists are better able to portray their own ideas than I, and because they could not then have grounds for misrepresentation. If it be considered unfair to choose but few saying among many, I will say to those who would have the setting with the jewels, the articles can be found in their entirety in *Mercury*, Vol. III, No. 3, and *Notes and Queries*, Vol. XIV, No. 10.

Second, I have been influenced somewhat in act IIF, scene I, *i. e.*, the gipsy entertainment, by that familiar play "A Parlor Match." Men of means being those who contribute most to the success of the drama, and the majority of them being students of business and not of books, it is but fair that we offer some various amusement, which is the want of their holiday humor, and without which the best of plays grows tedious and dull. There being many tastes among men, and critics being but a small division, it is a question of the day whether we should please them or please the multitude. But if

art may be so combined with simplicity as to arouse both love and laughter, and point to virtue while we entertain, then is there added to a misty world some brightness, which, I am bold to say, is the object of all art.

If there be other things found in the following lines that others have said before me, they may be the gleanings from books that have lingered too long in my mind, whose sources have become forgotten, and are rather the thefts of time than intention.

I beg the public's pardon for putting upon their much taxed patience another book, of which

I am,

THE AUTHOR.

August 30th, 1897.

A FAIR FRAUD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ADELE, an heiress.

MADAME NEVELL, Adele's stepmother.

MORISSEAU, Adele's lover.

MR. STEWARD, Adele's uncle.

MRS. STEWARD, Adele's aunt.

HARFORD, Morisseau's friend.

CARROT, a gardener.

WAITING WOMAN.

Servants, woodmen, gipsies, lunatic, etc.

Scene: First, a city mansion and surroundings; second, a country home and woods near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A walk near the Nevell mansion.*

Enter ADELE.

A. If he truly loves me—if—if—
O, what a word is if! The little big
Conjunction of our doubts. Who was it put
That stammering word into our steady speech?
If—he sware he loved me and his look
Betrayed no other thought, but yet many

A maid has been so fooled before. If he
 Loves me as I love him, with all my heart,
 My soul, my life—if it were not for if
 How happy I could be. How shall I know?
 I am a day of June in autumn's woods
 And do not know the pathway back to summer.

Enter MADAME NEVELL, attended.

M. N. Well, well! your cheeks are tinted
 of the rose,
 A lesson in *delsarte*?

A. No—no.

M. N. You may
 Depart, I've other company.

[Exeunt attendants.

Perhaps

There's some relation 'twixt your blush and our
 Young friend's departure.

A. Why, think you my blood
 Is quickened when a man do leave the place?

M. N. I do not know, indeed—how should
 I know—

And yet I think my guess is rather shrewd.
 We all do love sometime, and oftenest
 Before we count full score. I hope you will
 Not prove so stoical as be exception
 To the rule.

A. As it do please you then,
 I am in love.

M. N. Why so was I long since.

A. Young Morisseau, whose going you did
note,

Wafted his heart to me upon his sighs,
When he some moments since asked me to be
His bride. But I—I did not know—I would
Have answered yes, I longed to answer yes,
But that old saying ever kept ringing
Upon my ears, “men are deceivers ever,”
So I said—I know not what I said,
That when he called again I’d answer him,
Or something like to it, and so he went,
And then you came before I had decided
To be miserable with my doubt
Or happy with my love. Would that I lived
Before men were dishonest, or that I
Ne’er heard the old, sage adages about
The lies of lovers.

M. N. Time enough, my love;

Enter HARFORD behind, unobserved.

When you get husbanded, if God do bless
You with a gray old age, you’ll be a long
Time married.

A. So it is, indeed, that I
Would know, and surely know—but how? If I
Say “no” I will so surely be not happy,
Thus do I not gain my happiness
By saying “yes” I can console myself

With thoughts of how it would have been no
better

Saying no.

M. N. Twin sister that to grief.

Here is another, better way: see you

How far his love will take him from his com-
fort.

Test his love, my dear. To try all things

Is a good christian rule. Affect that you

Are drawn toward some hobby: woman's rights,

Or politics, or such, if he do love

You he will love you still. Is it a thing

Of little moment to him soon the sham

Of seeming ardor will come out like elbows

From a beggar's ragged coat. Is not

The plan some good? And if it but be played

With passing wit there's sport between the
lines.

A. Kind fortune! only yesterday I had

A letter from my uncle asking me

To spend some little time among my friends

Within his home. I will go bring it now—

How chance arranges for fond lovers' good!

I will go to to my uncle's. When he comes

You shall say I have suddenly took up

With this or that, as we agree, and send

Him on to me. Then will I put the test

To see if love or honest doubt were best. (*Exit.*)

M. N. 'Tis hard to hide your hatred 'neath
a mask—

I hate the giddy cat! O, was there e'er
Stepdaughter loved by a stepmother yet?
She thinks I love her, ah! she thinks I do—
Would that she had no recourse but her thoughts!
But yet I must not give my passion vent
For she hath rights in law as well as I.
I must be affable and wait my day,
Who knows? perhaps it is the morning now.
And so this fine young gentleman loves her
And she loves him. What then? Why he being
A promising young man I have no doubt
They would be happy too. What then? Why
then

By doubling up, to gain this fair estate
She gives me half the chance. Ah, no! not so—
I'd rather my young bird were left alone.
Come out my scheming nature let me see
How on this bloom I can a cold frost be.

Enter ADELE.

A. Here mother mine, a few, scant lines in
all,

But yet they mean some more than that to us.

M. N. Why here's a plan already made for
us,

All that we have to do is follow out
The lines. Unto your uncle you shall go;

Here we begin. Then shall you be whate'er
You choose, no matter what so long as it
Be tedious and odd. Then will I send
Some information of your mental state
Unto your uncle. Do we not run on
With polished smoothness?

A. So indeed we do—
And Mr. Morisseau?

M. N. O, yes—(*aside*,) poor fool—
I had best put his name in every word
Or so to please her.

A. The rest of your plan
Mother.

M. N. 'Tis this—a moment's reflection
Sometimes saves the labor of a day—
Some few days since I read of a new, strange
Religious sect they call theosophists.
Now shall you be converted to this thing.
Read all such books and papers you may reach
As bear upon it. Study them as you
Would play a part. Think you the plan is
good?

A. O, I will play it well though he be my
Sole audience!

M. N. So far is settled then:
That you unto your uncle go; that you
Affect this new religion hath quite stirred
You up. So when he comes I will explain

To him you have inherited some taint
Or humor in the blood; your father was
Too frenzied in religion or your elder
Brother was fanatic, or the like.
Now this is a most excellent plan indeed.

A. So shall the summer fly as 'twere a joke!

M. N. (Aside.) So shall my autumn frost
your happiness

If well I play my part. Well, all is settled
Then. Come, dear, let no more hours slip,
Straightway we'll make you ready for the trip.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter HARFORD.

H. 'Tis true if something be not slipped
Then someone surely will be tripped.
"I hate the giddy cat!" 'S blood! Had she
been a lady barber there would have been more
throats cut. I came not here to hear, but being
here I did not stop my ears. Silence is golden,
a good listener is one among many and 'tis bad
manners to interrupt your elders. As I am a
gentleman I kept still, which is oftentime a very
hard thing to keep. Thus do we gather wis-
dom from those who talk too much. Now is
it so and so: this fair maid is my friend Moris-
seau's love; he loves her and she him; why
don't they marry then? Ah, there's the rub!
Because she hath somewhat of woman's pride

and more of woman's doubt. Well, well. So she would test his true intent and see how far his love will wait upon his patience. Meanwhile I fear this chunk of shade she calls her mother loves her not, and that my friend will be too ignorantly tripped unless some one do look sharp after him.

And thus they are to be deceived
By foe in skirts, if once believed—
But both their hearts must be retrieved
Ere fate hath either grossly grieved,
And from this scheme so filled with bitter hate,
I must protect my friend at any rate. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Room in the Nevell mansion.*

Enter FIRST MAID, singing.

1st M. Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Come, my honey, come along,
Jack's poor heart would not be still,
Come, my honey, come;
Yet his modesty forbade,
Come, my honey, come along,
His proposal to the maid,
Come, my honey, come.

Enter OTHER MAIDS AND WAITING WOMAN.

2nd M. Our young mistress has been packed
off to the country, Matty.

1st M. Yes, our young mistress has been

packed off to the country, for her health, they say; as though she didn't have health enough already. If her stepmother's legs were not intended for the rogue's march my eye's a false witness.

W. W. Well, I have seen some things to wonder at.

Some days ago, while walking down the path,
I came so close to madam, unobserved,
That I could hear her speak. Within her hand
She held a paper wrinkled up, and said
In tragic tones, like Keene upon the stage,
"It was a bold, courageous act—I may
Be forced to do't!" Then moved she on, and
coming

Up I took the paper, reading how
A murderous uncle had made null and void
The body of his friend to gain a good
Estate.

1st M. There! O, I'd rather trust a jew,
For murder is wiped off their business books.
But yet her pranks cost me no lack of sleep
Long as she pays my wages when she ought.

3rd. M. 'Tis a draw between a sour man
who pays his debts with a snarl and a sweet
woman who puts you off with a smile; this
is one of life's queer divisions. Here are we
surrounded with luxury not our own and are

more gay than the true possessors of it; this is another.

2nd M. And since she is not happy joy is not

With valued lands and money to be got,
Which is another curious funny thing.

W. W. The curse of wealth is in the weight of it,
Which never yet sat lightly on the back,
And like the heavy pressure on the rose,
Too much do crush the perfumed sweetness out
And spoil all nature's beauty.

2nd M. It sounds well enough in poetry
but 'tis money makes the mare go.

1st M. Aye, and in these days 'tis nothing
but dough, dough even in the kitchen.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MADAME NEVELL.

M. N. If he but comes then will I fill his
brain

So full of morbid melancholy as
A poppy's full of poison. I'm fruitful now
Of evil thoughts as ever Pluto was,
But rather than come in black terror clothed
I will put on the pure cloak of love
And charity and so beat down his guard
With the soft touch of sympathy. The fool!

Enter SERVANT with card.



Content all day
To dream o'er fantasies.

Go show him in.

(Servant retires. Madame Nevell takes jewels from case, puts them on, admiring their effect before the mirror.)

How beautiful these rare

Old jewels are! The gem of honesty

Is not worth half so much. For these I'd rob

My dearest friend: aye, murder even for these:

Dare to go down in hell as Orpheus for

His wife. And did my husband think his

daughter

Homely that he needs give her these charms

To hide fresh beauty's want? Would it were
so!

But 'tis not—for he loved her more than me.

If not all these sweet jewels—

(kisses them and puts them away,)

aye, and this,

And this, and all he would have given me

Nor questioned it—but I will have them yet,

Else shall my mind its cunning moods forget.

Enter MORISSEAU.

Most welcome, sir. Pray you be seated. You

Must needs accept the hospitality

Of age, youth being absent.

M.

Absent?

M. N.

Yes,

My daughter did a sudden notion take

To see her country friends some distance out
And straightway went. (*Sighs.*)

M. I'm sure some worthy cause
Must justify the act, madam.

M. N. 'Tis love
That prompts a mother's heart to lie.

M. I do
Not understand you quite—

M. N. You are an honest
Man, or such the world do give you credit
For. You're young and of ability
And may do good to some if you but have
The proper guidance.

M. I am pleased with such
A good opinion, madam.

M. N. 'Tis for this
That I—O, why does duty press so hard
Upon me! (*Weeps.*)

M. Why! how is this? I beg your pardon,
Madam, but as honest friend I'll be
Your servant too.

M. N. I pray your friendship for
My daughter has not grown so deep you may
Not root it out?

M. That would I not, indeed,
Nor could I if I would. You do me wrong
To think I would desert my honest friends
Because they need some service rendered them.

M. N. I seek but your own happiness in
this—

M. And that you cannot find unless you
seek

Your daughter's too. My love for her dwells
with

My soul, madam, nor will I give them up
Nor them divide again. My presence now
Is but to know my good or evil fortune
From her lips that gave me leave to hope.

M. N. Duty too long delayed! How blind,
blind, blind!

M. I beg you speak not so in riddles, madam.

M. N. She left no word, no note, no any-
thing

To mark she thought of you. I fear the curse
That claimed so many of her kin has fallen
Upon her too.

M. Your words, madam, are not
As painful to me as your silence is.

M. N. I'll so far blame you as to say you
are

As careless, sir, as other men. Were you
To buy a horse or lands you would be sure
Upon the title of it was no blot,
But when you deal in love you trust all things
Unto a pretty face. And had you known
My daughter's lineage it would have spared

You this sharp pain my duty bids me bring.
For know you, sir, insanity's the taint
That's in the family blood. 'Twas in a mad-
house

That her sister died: her brother was
Fanatic, and it was the wretched cause
That led astray some others farther back.
O, had I guessed the depth of your intentions,
Or the charm my daughter held upon
You, I would have acquainted you with this
Our hidden grief, when first we learned to like
You. But not dreaming that the blossom of
Your love would come to sudden fruit, I did
Delay nor am I blameless for it.

M.

You do

Not mean this curse has fallen upon Adele?

M. N. O, not so many gross mistakes I've
made

But that I wish this were another one—
It is so like her own sweet sister went.
'Twas but the morn of yesterday she seemed
As free from care and happy as a child,
But taking up a cursed book her eye
Caught on some lines upon theosophy;
She feasted on them as a starving man
Upon a juicy roast. She read them o'er
And o'er, saying at last that they were meant
For her!

M. (*Aside.*) Religion is the common rock
they drift upon—

M. N. Straitway she walks the floor,
Her eyes cast down, and only after many
Times being questioned would she deign to
speak,

And only then to say “the first duty
Of sinners is reflection.” Then a sudden
Notion coming to her mind she said
That she was called unto some quiet place
To meditate and needs must go at once,
And all entreaties of her friends and me
Of no avail. Being related to
A worthy family near Papillon
Our greatest efforts could but guide her there:
God grant the change of air may purge her
mind

Of every morbid fancy.

M. I say devout
Amen to that, madam. The quickest way
Shall take me where she is, and if a lover
Ever faithful was unto his love
So will I be to mine!

M. N. No! I pray you no!
You know full well how unmoved quietness
Is the essential remedy for such
A troubled mind. I beg you stay awhile
And it shall be my pleasure to advise

You of her happy mending. I have all
Needful instructions sent—believe me, she
Is in good hands, 'mong those who have her
health

At heart, but who, being sensitive, may
Perhaps, resent a lover's interference.

M. If love were not my czar. If love did
follow

Me, not lead. I am love's slave, and yet
I would be bound again, thrice bound. I do
Not fear the frown of painted fashion, madam,
And where affection is there will I dare
Maintain that others have no right more just
Than honest lovers have. My love is not
The driveling fancy of an idiot
That's frightened by a dream. My love shall win
Her back, or if that fails I will be mad
With her. To bask one moment 'neath her
glance

Although its light is never meant for me,
Is heaven beside hell's doubting darkness here!

[*Exit.*

M. N. Why! His passionate ardor quite
astounded me! He must not leave me so—
(*rings bell.*) For him to meet her now will
make my plan half failure—(*enter butler,*)—
saw you not a gentleman leave me a moment
since? Go! call him back—and come not back

without him—(*exit butler.*) Such a depth of love I was quite unprepared for. He quite forgot his manners in the climax of his scorn. My hint was as a spark upon his powdery nature—(*re-enter butler.*)

But. I used my utmost haste, madame, but he had gone before I reached the entrance.

M. N. Gone? And dare you come and tell me he is gone! So, for thy laggard service!—(*knocks him down.*) [*Exit.*

Enter MAID SERVANTS.

Servants—(*severally*)—O—A swoon—Are you dead, sir?—'Tis a fit.

But. Aye, 'twas a god fit, and well put on, too.

Ser. What took you off your legs, sir?

But. Mark you now 'twas so: 'twas broad day; then suddenly came a storm and a strong blow and seeing stars, I fell down in wonder.

Servants—(*severally*)—Strange! [*Exeunt.*

But. Aye, you inquisitive growth of a rib! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A walk.*

Enter ADELE AND MADAME NEVELL.

A. I am agrowing weary, mother mine, Of this deception, which has not the taste To suit my candid mind. I will no more

Of it. 'Tis well enough for you and me,
I grant, but to deceive these honest folk
Who never yet have given me cause for it,
There is the limit of my patience come
And I will be myself.

M. N. Well, be it so—

Do you know more than I, nor deign to take
Advice from older lips, then have your way,
But if your path grows tortuous think not
'Twas for the want of warning.

A. But think you

Time has not proved the virtue of his pledge?

M. N. 'Tis little love that would not last a
week,

And if your lover has as little patience
As his sweetheart, I do fear your bark
Of happiness will ride a storm sea.

Better it is to so deceive old friends

So short a time, for we can make amends,

Than to be fair and fall into a foolish

Future for't. Put on your solemn mask—

To prove the truth is only duty's task.

[*Exit Adele.*

Enter MR. AND MRS. STEWARD.

Mr. S. Good morning, madam; 'tis a pleas-
ure early

Met.

M. N. I greet you, too, and would I were

As happy as the time, my daughter's mind
As free from cloud as is the rosy morn.

Mr. S. This sudden, morbid fancy of our
neice

I cannot understand. How she, so young,
So full of spirit, gay, till now, should grasp
On such a solemn subject, content all day
To dream o'er fantasies, is quite beyond
My ken.

Mrs. S. Think you there is no other cause?

M. N. If so I cannot find it out. She seems
As one who thinks the welfare of the world
Upon her mystic meditation hangs.
Nothing moves her calmness save that magic
Word, theosophy, then will she lecture
You unwearied half a day.

Mr. S. Strange 'tis
Indeed.

M. N. At first I thought it might be some
Affection unrequited, love's plans foiled,
Or loss of dearest friendship, but not so.
On all such subjects she's as dumb as any
Close-sealed oyster, saying only that
Reflection is the seed of all good deeds.

Mr. S. Does she not in well graced society,
Music or other entertainment show
Some interest?

M. N. None—but she rather looks

Upon them all as things not for the time
Of brooding minds divinely called.

Mr. S. To me

It is a melancholy mystery.

Mrs. S. And will you with us madam?

M. N. Soon as I

Have grown aweary of your country morn.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV. *A garden: Carroty at work.*

Enter Madame Nevell.

M. N. My good gardener, I have heard
there is a crazy neighbor who hath habit of
awandering around about, is it not so?

C. It hath been my experience, madam,
that we need never go far to find lunatics.

M. N. An old crazy farmer who lost his
boy in the war; know you of such?

C. Ah! 'twas a case of too much love, man
for man. 'Tis as scarce as wild flowers in
winter.

M. N. Well, so it is. Where is his daily
walk?

C. On the earth, madam. But if you wish
explicit direction 'tis through the entry, o' the
north side of the road; and he travels from east
to west one way, and if he comes back o' the
same path from west to east when he returns.

M. N. He goes forth so every day?

C. Ten o'clock i' the morn, as sure as an idiot hath no wit.

M. N. I thank you. [*Exit.*

C. 'Tis easy said.

Enter HARFORD.

H. How far is it old gardener to Papillon?

C. Well, do you go forward like a man 'tis but a few whiffs, but if, like a crab, you go backwards they do say i' the books 'tis some twenty-five thousand miles. 'Tis a free country, sir, and you may go which way you choose.

H. You have some wit, it seems.

C. Seems, sir, is of no value. He who knows something may be excused for forcing it upon the public. We thank no man to go about mouthing his doubts. And again, if we be given seventy years of strength and spend part in some worthless exercise of the jaw we shall not live our given time.

H. I fear, friend, the light of your wisdom hath affected your head.

C. 'Twould be a compliment to a philosopher, sir, but a gardener's wisdom should be in his hands, and a dancer's in his legs, so every limb is the head of some life and keeps the body clothed.

H. I swear I like thee well! Come now we will agree: I do not like the shady substance

that left you a moment since.

C. Aye, we'll agree on that.

H. Now, why did she so desire the particulars of this unfortunate man's habit?

C. The words are yours but I am equal owner of the thought.

H. This grows a more and more entangled knot:

Keep, gardener, the mystery and doubt,

I go to build a plan to find it out. [*Exit.*

C. If there were one fool he'd be accounted wise, but being many 'tis a common thing—Hi! there, keep off the grass! you web-footed, meandering ducks—can't you put both o' your feet in a five-foot path a' once? (*Enter maid servants.*) One may dig and trim and trim and dig and sweat to overcome the defects of nature and have the work of his genius despoiled by a cook.

1st S. Terum, terum, terum, Carrotty. What's the trouble with the crazy young lady, Carrotty?

C. They do say she's affected with lunacy.

2nd S. We're not deaf to rumors.

1st S. But the cause, Carrotty, the cause?

C. She was troubled too much wi' her friends.

3rd S. We know. We have the advantage

of you, Carroty.

C. Ah! woman hath one advantage over man, she can wipe her nose in her skirts.

1st S. Our wisdom goes beyond you in this, Carroty; the cause of the young lady's lunacy is religion, sir.

C. She could stumble upon no better thing, I warrant.

2nd S. And the young gentleman who is in love with her is nigh mad too.

C. 'Tis the best thing he could do to be nigh her if his mind be affected wi' the same matter.

1st S. Come, good Carroty, may we have some of your roses?

C. No! no, no, no—thou dost treat me so shabbily thou shalt have none of my flowers unless thou dost bring a filled out order signed in my master's blood.

1st S. Come, Carroty, we have been so thievish as to steal a bottle of wine for thee; 'tis waiting in the kitchen, come along now.

3rd S. Come along Carroty.

C. No! no, no, no—I must needs finish my bed—

1st S. Thy bed! The grave-digger shall finish thy bed for thee in good time. Come along, (*one puts a rose in his lapel,*)—now thou

art a proper ladies' man, go along—

C. Yes, yes! Ye need not so much pull
and push

Both fore and aft—I will both come and go,
Can I but please these boisterous maidens so.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A garden: Carroty asleep.*

Enter ADELE, cautiously.

A. Oh! I am so pent up with gaiety
That I could kick the moon! 'Tis well enough
To play a part if you but have companions,
But such a solitary mummy as I—
O, I must ope my woman's heart somewhere.
Now here's a case where virtue dwelleth under
A red wig. Carroty's honest, for
The world has proved him such. He is an old
Man of some wit, and if he but o'erlook
Deception we shall go on swimmingly:

(*wakes him up,*)

I am going to make a confidant of you,
Friend Carroty.

C. Ah!

A. I am going to make
A confidant of you.

C. I never have
Been false to any of your kindred, miss.



Caroty in Youth.
Only authentic photograph extant.

A. Indeed, you've been an honest servant,
sir,

My uncle do attest to it, and while
He lives your virtue will not drive you begging.

C. I have two desires, miss: that I
May die before him, and that my old hands
May rot where they wrought.

A. Tut, tut; let others
Arrange our funerals: but come we to
My confidence. This must needs be a dark
Secret, and I fear your illumined locks
Will give us too much light.

C. Faith, miss, as I'm
A christian I will break the law and hide
It 'neath my bushel. (*Puts on his hat.*)

A. A good answer to
A gay jest.

C. Aye—there are some honest wits.

A. And flattery is sometimes sweet though
'tis
Our own physic. Now what I tell to thee
In confidence no one must know, not even
My uncle.

C. (*Aside.*) She is a queer idiot.
Miss, on this subject I am deaf and dumb
And blind, and if you wish, rheumatic too.

A. 'Tis this—I am in love.

C. (*Aside.*) Ah! a sure sign.

A. Did I so much surprise you that you've
lost
Your ready tongue?

C. It was a thunderbolt,
Miss, from a clear sky.

A. Then am I old
Or homely that you think fair cupid would
So steer his course far off?

C. Ah, no! 'Twas that
Fair cupid had so long delayed his wing.

A. And have you seen a worthy gentleman
Of princely mien, well dressed in gray, around
About of late?

C. Now let me see—me see—
Why I have seen a man in gray, but I
Would only notice him from others for
His coat.

A. I will agree he was so dressed,
But as for being like all other men
It is not so; I'll quarrel, sir, on that!

C. I will amend, I will amend! He was,
Now I bethink myself, compound of many
Men: Beau Brummel for attire, but
King Solomon for sageness; Horatius
For courage and Apollo in his bearing.
He, too, was dressed in gray: perhaps 'twas he.

A. Well, that do please me better if it is
A lie. 'Tis him I love, and so to try

The temper of his vowed affection, I
Have put on this strange, tedious habit, which
My uncle thinks is true insanity.
Is it not a good test?

C. Aye! If a man
Stick to a lunatic he will not flee
From any married state.

A. Now I must needs
Keep up my exercise, good Carroty.
Ask me but any question and observe
How I display this melancholy masque.

C. Faith, is the old moon red?
(*Aside,*) Now am I mixt—
Was she crazy before, or is she now?
How old was Cæsar when he crossed the stream?

A. “And afterwards they returned to Urish-
“lem from the mount which is called the place
“of Olives, which is over against Urishlem,
“and distant from her as seven stadias. And
“after they had entered, they ascended to that
“upper room in which were Petros, and Juhan-
“on, and Jakub, and Andros, and Philipos,
“and Thoma, and Mathi, and Bar Tolmai, and
“Jakub bar Halphai, and Shemun the Zealous,
“and Jihuda bar Jakub.” Oh!—terum, terum,
terum, terum.

C. “Terum, terum, terum” is good latin,
Miss, or I’m no scholar else.

A. 'Tis the same
Thing, Carrotty, some grating discord to
The foreign ear. Aye, it is better, too,
For meaning nothing in the beginning
It save us much trouble to find it out—
It is a great world.

C. True, but not so large
As a millionaire's dream.

A. Why, then, how large
Is that?

C. Faith, they do wish to wear the stars
Upon their bosoms, miss.

A. Well let them dream,
For in their waking hours they get no further
Than the chain and balls of business—
But play I well the part?

C. Well, passing well—
You cannot do it better till you're old,
And glassed, and wrinkled, and do have a sour
Nature; for how can we cease to smile
As long as love do fill the eyes and sit
Upon the cheek?

A. If every note of failure
Were so clothed in compliment who would
Hope for success? But mind you not one word
Of this unto my uncle. If you do
But wink to him where I may see you do't,
I will forswear companions of your sex,

I swear't by all the oaths known i' the books!
I am so full of roguery that I
Will kiss thee if thou wilt go shave thy face
So I can find thee out.

C. These old cheeks, miss,
Are more used to the rough winds of heaven
Than the perfumed breath of beauty. Thou
Mayst use me for receptacle to put
Dark secrets in, but no, I warrant thee,
Thou shalt not feed upon my whiskers, no.
[*Exit.*

A. Sweet are the compliments of honest age.
A step—his step! I've learned to know his
step—

Enter MORISSEAU.

M. I beg your pardon, but I cannot keep
Away. Still with your thumb'd, well studied
book.

Come teach me, too, your madness, will you
not?

O, sweetheart, speak to me again in words
That drifted down like Orpheus' waking notes.

A. I, to, was vain like this—list you to this:
“All the perceptive activities of the astral
“body of our astral race have been united un-
“der the name of the sixth sense; these are
“clairvoyance, clairauidience, psychometry, the
“faculty of distinguishing spiritual atoms and

“of discerning spiritual savors. In this frame-
 “work can be grouped all phenomena of tele-
 “pathy which are actually studied by psycho-
 “physiologists, those due to exteriorisation of
 “the sensibility and to other little known phys-
 “ical agents, such as light.”

M. My love, I pray you not so tax your
 mind.

A. “Here is, in any case, a trial synthetic
 “classification of the astral phenomena which
 “may present themselves to us: Demons, Dev-
 “ils, Satan, Lucifer, Magic Activities, Genii,
 “Angels.” Ah, what beauty’s here!

M. Would I could see it too.
 O, love—nor think me bold to call you so,
 If pity be akin to love then pity
 Me, and let some drops of charity
 And kindness fall upon my stricken heart.

A. “The silver star now twinkles out the
 “news to the night blossoms. The streamlet
 “to the pebbles ripple out the tale; dark ocean
 “waves will roar it to the rocks surf-bound;
 “scent-laden breezes sing it to the vales, and
 “stately pines mysteriously whisper, ‘A Mas-
 “ter has arisen, a Master of the Day.’ He
 “standeth now like a white pillar to the west,
 “upon whose face the rising sun of Thought
 “Eternal poureth forth its first most glorious

“waves. **Behold the mellow light that floods
“the Eastern sky. In songs of praise both
“heaven and earth unite. Hark, from the deep
“unfathomable vortex of that golden light in
“which the victor bathes, all Nature’s word-
“less voice in thousand tones ariseth to pro-
“claim: A pilgrim hath returned back ‘from
“‘the other shore.’ Peace to all beings!
“Peace!” [Exit.

SCENE II. *A road. Laughter.*

Enter GYPSIES, some with musical instruments.

1st Maiden. Ha, ha! ’Twas a good joke—
So we’ll be gay
To speed away
A tedious day.

1st Man. No camp in sight—
’Twill soon be night.

1st Maid. So you are right.

2nd Maid. ’Tis a long march hath no halt.

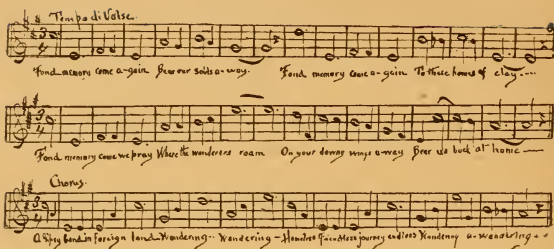
1st Maid. We are some distance ahead of
the queen—

Come now a song
To cheer along
This wandering throng

of gypsies.

Gypsies—(severally)—Hi, Hi!—Well said—
Come strike some music there!

GYPSY SONG.



Fond memory, come again,
 Bear our souls away,
 Fond memory, come again
 To these homes of clay;
 Fond memory, come, we pray,
 Where the wanderers roam,
 On your downy wings away
 Bear us back at home!

CHORUS: A gipsy band in foreign land, (*dance*)
 Wandering, awandering,
 Homeless, friendless, journey endless,
 Wandering, awandering.

Fond memory, all the years
 Brush for us away,
 Make all the frosty meers
 Ripple with the May;
 And the charm of Oberon
 Put upon the lid,
 Wake us where our hearts are gone,
 Where our loves are hid!

CHORUS:

Wanderers there are but none
Who forget the time,
When the web of life they spun
O'er the growing thyme—
Fond memory, pray redeem
Days that passed us then,
Let the dream of childhood seem
Real once again!

CHORUS:

Sometime will hearts grow young
And wan cheeks grow red,
And love, with charms unsung,
Spring from ruins spread;
Fond memory, till that day,
Come where wanderers roam,
On your downy wings away
Bear us back at home!

CHORUS:

Enter GYPSY QUEEN.

G. Q. Go on, ye vagabonds,
And make your footsteps light,
We must seek out some sparkling pond,
And camp before 'tis night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A wood.*

Enter HARFORD AND CARROTY.

H. Come, Carrotty, we'll hide behind the
tree,
And soon enough we'll see what we shall see.
(*They conceal themselves.*)

Enter MADAME NEVELL AND MORISSEAU.

M. N. I fear, sir, that the atmosphere will
not
So benefit her as we fondly hoped.

M. It seems not in the air to cure a mind
So sadly overthrown.

M. N. So do our last
Hopes crumble one by one—O!—

M. What affrights
You, madam?

(Enter Lunatic, unshaven, in threadbare gray, one leg of trousers in top of boot, carrying red handkerchief. He mumbles to himself, whirls his handkerchief about and every few moments throws his left hand up before his face as though to guard himself. Runs and walks alternately; goes across back of stage and out.)

M. N. Her brother!

M. Brother?

M. N. Saw you
Not him?

M. I saw but an eccentric man
Pass down across the path.

M. N. Alas! 'twas he--

M. Her brother?

M. N. My misfortune needs must plague
Me. Knew you not 'twas hereabouts he led
His wandering life? Hist! comes he now this
way--

Ah! so it is the mind doth make the body
Poor as well as rich.

Enter LUNATIC.

L. Ah! My, but there'll be a war—ha, ha! Say, don't you think there'll be a war? The prince of Europe is a mason, and England and Russia and Abyssinia entered into a conspiracy against us, and they are buying the mountains and putting forts on them—yes, 'tis true, true, true! And when they get them built they will defy the government—defy! defy! defy!—and make all free men slaves again. Then will we be called to victory, and the souls of the dead soldiers will return and fight against the prince of Europe, and he will be overthrown and drowned with all his army in the red sea—ha, ha! They can't whip us, can they? My, but there'll be a war!—I know, I know, I know!

[Exit.

M. N. O, why should I be cursed with so much sorrow

As do fill up my too long life.

M. I marvel

Much, madam, that one whose reason was
Deranged o'er thoughts of peace and heaven
should so

Run ever on on war and evil deeds.

M. N. 'Tis but his changing mood; tomorrow it

Will be upon the death of some old friend,
Next day the wrath of heaven, and next upon
A blighted love that never did exist,
And so and so as doth the madness take him.
O, heart of mine, to sorrow for a kin
Whose too much virtue is their only sin.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CARROTY AND HARFORD.

H. Well, old sunshine, what see you in such serious case to laugh at? If you must hold your sides at least let loose your tongue and give your wind some shape. Did you discover aught?

C. 'Tis an old plot in a new dress. Faith, and she would have our worthy young friend believe the crazy old neighbor is brother to his love; there's humor in that. Believe you in the resurrection?

H. Aye, if it be true.

C. If it be true this old schemer is the risen shade of Ananias masquerading in petticoats—but she shall run into the hangman's noose do she keep following her nose.

H. 'Tis a long lane hath no turn, Carroty.

C. And a virtuous man that hath no "pull," but the Lord must needs let satan have some servants if He would have him govern his own.

H. Hist! the old shade returns. Go you

forward, Carroty, I'll overtake your steps.

[*Exit Carroty.*

Enter MADAME NEVELL.

M. N. Ah! 'tis a pleasure, sir, unwarranted.

H. And why not say it is unwelcome, too.

M. N. You spare my tongue so much of exercise.

H. It serves me better do I keep your thoughts

Busy. What is the latest trick, my good Madam?

M. N. Why this: a fool in black would find Out how I deal the cards, and so do have His trouble for reward. This is, perchance, Some news to you who have been juggling with Wisdom and ignorance so much you know Not 'tis the later you possess.

H. So is
A learnèd man a poor detective, madam,
And my little knowledge you do wish
Were yet some little less. This devotion
Unto your ward hath brought you from your way,

For which we humbly thank your lovely nature.
If you will tell me some few details of
Your future plans it will save me the work
To find them out. How came you here, madam?

M. N. O, I am one of those sweet characters

You read of in the books, and fly where e'er
I list.

H. So have I heard the spirits of
The nether sphere had wings but never thought
'Twas true.

M. N. Sir!

H. Aye, stir thy anger up somewhat,
There's no love lost between us. Come, you are
Unequal matched, madam. I know your studied
Game. Why do you so persist in evil
While you still have chance to live undreamed
Of wrong?

M. N. I'll take the blame may come.

H. But not

The sorrow, madam.

M. N. As to that I will
So far be honest as to ask where does
Your interest center, sir?

H. Why, then, there are
Some several points I will enumerate:
First, being my friend's friend I will be-friend
Him; and second and third, I know you seek
The evil of two lives, and so how can
A man better employ his idleness
Than to defend the truth?

M. N. O, virtuous!
But better men have stumbled in their paths.

[*Exit.*



A man of adventure and
Acquainted with the world.

Noise. Enter CARROTY with FORESTERS.

C. A queer tale these honest wood-choppers are mouthing, sir.

1st F. Aye, sir; it be down i' the woods, sir. One dressed in gray, of good appearance, too—

C. Your friend, sir, who's in love, 'tis he.

2nd F. He seemed not to want, I warrant that.

3rd F. We will agree on that.

1st F. Being neat dressed, and a stranger, we saw fit to look after him, sir; a good thing, a passing good thing, as it proved i' the sequel.

Foresters. Aye, aye!

1st F. He saw us not, sir, as he passed in downcast, ugly mood, as if he was, perchance, upon some bad resolve. When but some distance from us he did stop; 'twas but some feet, eh, friend?

2nd F. Some fifty feet or so I think it was.

3rd F. More—'twas sixty feet at least.

1st F. Not so; 'twas scarce two score, or I know not the length of my ax handle.

2nd F. 'Twas fifty feet! I do know a yard i' my eye better than a tailor by 's stick.

1st F. We will agree if thou wilt make allowance for thy squint, thou—

H. Tut, tut—I care not if it was sixty or

six thousand feet; come to a point with all your words. What happened then?

1st F. Then, sir, suddenly drawing a revolver from his coat, tight did he close his teeth and put it to his head.

H. Well, fool, go on!

1st F. There he would ha' caused destruction to his flesh had I not—

4th F. 'Twas as much I, I warrant.

3rd F. Myself beheld the murderous action first, when I made rush to knock away his hand.

H. (*Aside.*) O, these prating fools! Pray you be still and let this man proceed.

1st F. It was like this: taking his revolver, so, he shut his mouth hard, so, and placed it against his head, so.

C. (*Aside.*) Strange how he could place his mouth against his head, so.

1st F. Then did we grab him, sir, and took his weapon from him 'gainst his will, and were besting what to do when he, the gardener, came up, and said we must so tell this thing to you. Here is the weapon, sir. There being seven balls, we took one each, so none can use it now unless he takes the stock to beat his silly brains out. 'Tis of no use to us, being honest men—'tis yours to keep.

H. I thank you for the compliment.

Foresters—(severally)—Welcome, indeed, sir
—We ask no pay, sir—'Tis yours, sir.

H. Where went he when you gave him
leave to walk?

1st F. Yes, true enough. Then did he say
that death

Was better than a life without the light
Of love. I think, sir, he is love-sick, sir.
Do you have influence you had best see
Him married to some maid or else he will
Go mad, I warrant you.

2nd F. One who would die
For love would murder, sir, for jealousy,
And so his bride had best be chary of
Her smiles.

1st F. To finish, sir, we so disarmed
Him as I have made known, and let him go
His way, then found we you and so the tale
Is told.

H. Good men, I thank you for an act
Of kindness. Carroty, come we to find
This morbid man of melancholy mind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A wood. Gypsy camp in background.*

Enter HARFORD AND MORISSEAU.

M. Come, friend, now am I blue. Can you
not crack
A joke?

H. The heavens are blue but the earth
Is green, and you, being of the earth, earthy,
Must needs be green; but soon enough the au-
tumn

Of experience will color your
Life differently, else I am no sage.

M. If I live long enough.

H. And there was once
A sparrow built her nest in a rainbow.

M. Come, come; season your humor with
some little
Sense.

H. It is as possible as man
To build his happiness upon a woman.

M. I will not gainsay that; we are not happy
With them and unhappy still without them,
So in our little, troubled realm we're walled.

H. Very true, too true. As long as all
paths lead
Unto the cemetery there'll be tears.
And since the thorny path of love you choose
To tread, I'll help you gather this fair rose
You call the sweet Adele. You say there is
Taint of insanity within the blood:
That you have seen her brother, lunatic,
That I say 's but a crazy neighbor who
Has lost his boy in the war: that her sister
Died fanatic, that it is the cause
Of her bewitching stepmother's sadness,

And that you cannot doubt your open gaze,
But that you will more readily believe
My argument avowing it to be
A trumped up lie, if I but show you proof.

M. It is a friend of friends that sticks when
doubted.

H. A better one who shows us our mistakes.
See you those gypsies there? Good fortune
brought
This strolling band so near us, nor have we
So stumbled upon them by accident—
I have for purpose brought you here, and have
Arranged with Carrotty, the gardener,
To bring your love, the fair Adele, hither,
That she may be some little entertained,
To break the country's dull monotony.
They will be here even now. Come we and step
Behind this mask of shrubbery, and I
Will show you that your sweetheart's lunacy
Goes not beyond her uncle's outer gate.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CARROTY AND ADELE.

C. This is a rough log, miss, but 'tis the
best
Chair in the tangled parlor of the woods.

A. And good enough—it were no better
wood
When sawed, planed and artistically carved.
Go see if you can come to terms with them.

(*Carroty brings Gypsy Queen forward.*)

C. Here is a good lady who, being city
Born and bred, grows weary of the country's
'Customed dullness, and will pay thee well
For entertainment of a half an hour.

A. Yes, better than many a worthy troupe
Is paid. Can any of you sing?—and dance?

G. Q. Our stomachs would be often empty
else.

A. Here's money in advance; can you but do
Some few good acts there's more of it to come.
Come, Carroty, sit you upon this tree,
And if the play be good applaud with me.

(*Gypsies sing, etc.*)

C. Was that well done, according to the
code?

A. I could not do it half so well myself,
Yet would I rather hear my lover woo
Than list the sweetest nightingale of song.

(*Gypsies dance, etc.*)

C. O, that was a good step, miss.

A. I could kick
Higher, I vow, but not in so good time.
Come, old queen of the woods, if you but tell
Our fortunes now you may wish us God-speed.
Will I grow old and wrinkled like the rest?

G. Q. Aye, miss, all in good time; you
shall be happy
First.

A. Why that's well said.

G. Q. You are an actress,
And do play your part well, but not to
Your lover's satisfaction, whom you would
The rather please than all the others, miss.

A. Well, that's true, too.

G. Q. And you are blest with much
Of this worlds chattels, but an honest husband
Is dame fortune's happiest gift—as I
Do love all youth I would advise you take
It while you may. I am an honest reader
Of the lines and tell you all the truth.

A. Tis true enough and so it is enough.
Now Carroty, your life being some more spent,
Your future will not cost so much to read.

C. No!—no, no, no. I am too much re(a)d
now.

A. Here's gold, old queen, to keep you on the way.

G. Q. God bless you, miss.

A. What pranks we play
To chase the tedious dullness from a day.

[*Exeunt Carrotty and Adele.*

Enter HARFORD AND MORISSEAU.

H. Now do you have misfortune on the hip;
Trust me a little longer we will throw
It off completely. Two o'clock tomorrow
Meet me where the paths cross over in yonder
Wood—and see you do no fail the time

Or place, and I will make all things as plain
As any good old-fashioned methodist. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter HARFORD, then ADELE.

A. I have seen an old church look gray in
the morning mist--

H. Ah! I've seen a maiden worthy to be
kissed. Lay off your foolishness, my fair fraud.
I know you do but play a part.

A. Sir!

H. I know full well your tedious game to
test a lover's heart, and more than that, I know
your scheming stepmother plays for stakes you
do not thank her for.

A. How dare you slander, coward-like, in
presence of a lady, sir!

H. Why, how is this? Where is your luna-
cy?—ha, ha! You do but show a woman's reas-
onable anger, I warrant you. Don't be a fool.
It is your own unwary scheme that has
So nearly cost the life of him you love.
There are some foolish lovers who care not
For truth, and there are those whose earnestness
No plummet ever sounded: he is such.

A. And if he pays according to the merits
Of your speech you need not starve or beg.

H. I have o'er looked the doubtings of a
friend
For friendship's sake, and the sarcasm of

Acquaintances I do not deign to note.
I say your sweet stepmother has not put
You on in pleasant innocence alone,
But seeks to keep you and your love apart
That she the more may easily be rid
Of you when comes the time. O, do not start,
For wealth hath charms have tempted women to
Worse things than that. And would you see
the proof?

A. I am not blind or deaf, nor do I wish
To be.

H. Then do you but conceal yourself
Some time behind those shrubs, you shall both
see
And hear; trust me as far as this—it comes
Of good intent.

A. O, I will humor you,
For I do think you are more mad than I.

(Conceals herself.)

Enter MORISSEAU.

H. How is it, friend, have you grown gay
again,
That you do smile today?

M. Ah! you have rolled
Away some gathered clouds and life begins
To wear a rosy hue again. 'Tis said
The ignorant do laugh and wise men smile,
But little difference doth it make as long
As we be tickled. I have had a dream,

Perchance a most improbable and misty
 Dream; I dreamed that all you late have told
 To me were true! And yet, I will not hold
 You to my dream, good friend, but if—as I
 Begin to fondly hope—'tis true, thou shalt
 Confiscate my estate.

H. I would not have
 Thy care-fraught property, for one must either
 Hold or squander it—I rather would
 Be free. But to the point—the time's affair:
 By happy combination I've contrived
 To have our wingless flatterer to meet
 Me in these woods. *Multum in parvo*, sir,
 My plan is this: You do conceal yourself,
 And where you can both see and hear you shall
 Have plot and story of this perfidy
 Straight from the author's lips. Now vanish—
 sink
 Into the leaves, and if I fail then use
 Me ever for sarcastic ridicule.

(Morisseau conceals himself.)

H. If life's a dream, I swear that love's a
 nightmare, and drives the sleep from many a
 drowsy lid. Sweet time of softness! Soft
 breezes, soft moonlight, soft whisperings, soft
 hearts, soft everything. Now do our maid of
 Athens keep her word. *(Takes a mirror from
 his pocket and arranges his tie, etc. Madame
 Nevell enters and attempts to stab him. He sees*

her reflection in the mirror and catches her arm as it descends.)

H. So have I found my favor in a glass—
Je vous remercie, madame.

M. N. Sir, you sent
For me.

H. But asked you not to make your entrance
In such murderous manner.

M. N. Why is it
That you do seek to thwart my every plan?

H. My knowledge is my own, but many a
friendly
Action has been bought, madam.

M. N. (*Aside.*) Why! can
He mean that I may stop his mouth with money?
You are a man of adventure and acquainted
with the world, and know the worth of money
in any market.

H. I have shared a crust with a comrade
and would not be above dividing a fortune with
an enemy.

M. N. Well said; I do begin to think you're
not the moral fool I thought. If you but lend
assistance to my plans I'll pay you well.

H. The consideration is the essential part
of an agreement, madam. (*She whispers.*) 'Tis
not enough.

M. N. Then will I double it; is it agreed?

H. I have done some things for less money,
madam.

M. N. My husband made me sharer of his
wealth
Conjointly with this girl. I will be honest,
I'd have it all myself, and two ways open
To it: either put this girl aside
Myself or have the law to do't, which latter
Is too tedious for my patience. I
Had but laid out my plans when blank misfortune
Needs must lay her hand upon 't and have
Her fall in love. Now must you aid to keep
These two apart. You being friend to him
Shall so poison his mind as leave no lingering
Ray of hope. So, severing their offection,
We will soon be rid of him!

H. And then?

M. N. And then? Come stir your wits.
Why then what is
More easy than defraud a friendless girl?
You hesitate? See you this gold? 'Tis but
The color of the substance shall be yours
For every friendly act.

(He throws down the money and stamps upon it.)

Ah! how is this?

H. I would to God I could so stamp upon
The envy, heart-burnings and anger--aye,
And crime, this yellow fruit of hell hath been
The cause of. Children maimed to draw some pity
On the street. Virtue sold as 'twere
Mere dross; wives led astray, husbands to prison,

Mothers, fathers, gray-grown and wrinkled ere
Their sun has passed high noon of honest life.
Gold! gold! Thou sinuous snake infesting every
Path of life, whose poisoned fang hath sunk
Into the hearts of emperors and kings—
Pervertor of the truth and man's most traitorous
Foe, I scorn thee! Thus do I sign and seal
Our contract, madam, and call my worthy
Friends to witness it. (*Enter Adele, Moris-*
seau, Mr. and Mrs. Steward, Corroty, etc.)

M. N.

Betrayed!

Mr. S.

No, but

Discovered, madam.

H.

Go! Quick get you hence

Before we call a tardy law upon

You. For our leniency thank you this maid,
Whose honored name you do too meanly bear.

C. Avant! thou shadow of the Arctic zone,
With heart of ice. Avant! thou risen shade!

[*Exit Madame Nevell.*]

A. I humbly thank you, sir.

H.

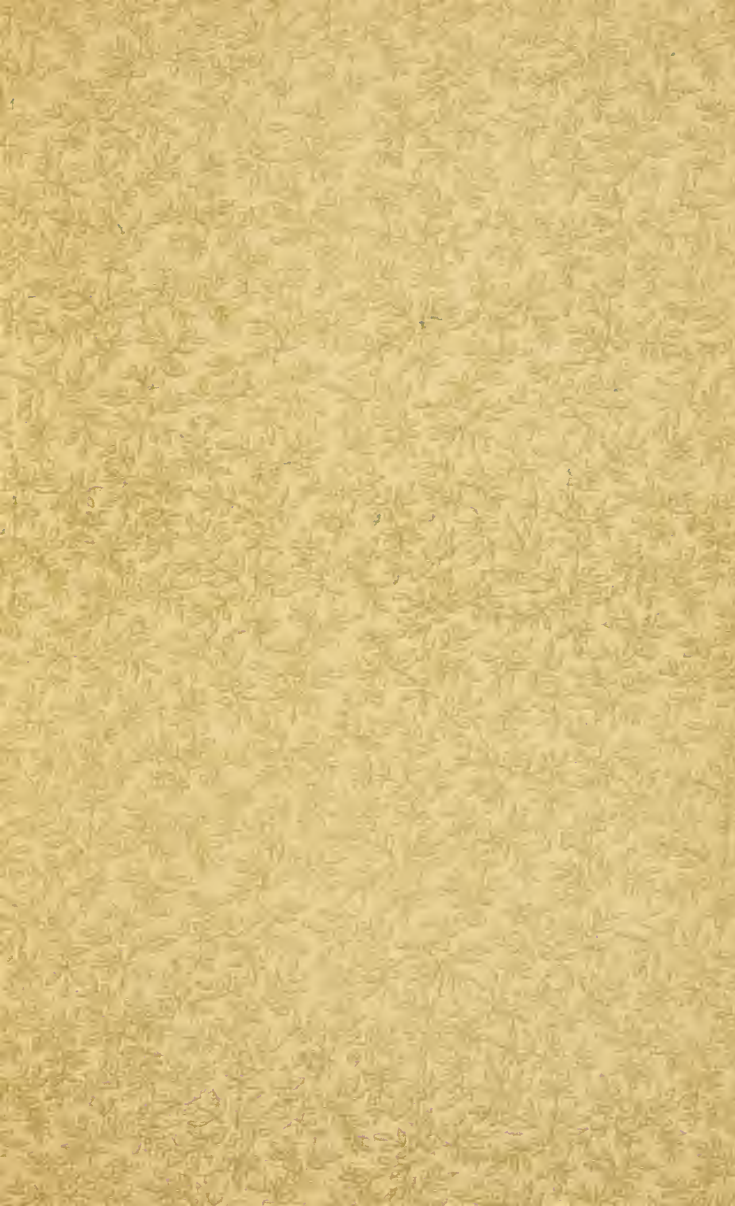
'Tis all I ask—

And if you would repent, pray do it at
The shrine of love.

Mr. S.

And so shall joy's eclipse
Be quick effaced by touch of lovers' lips.
The somber follies that the years may send,
May they be so resolved to happy end.

[*Exeunt.*]



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